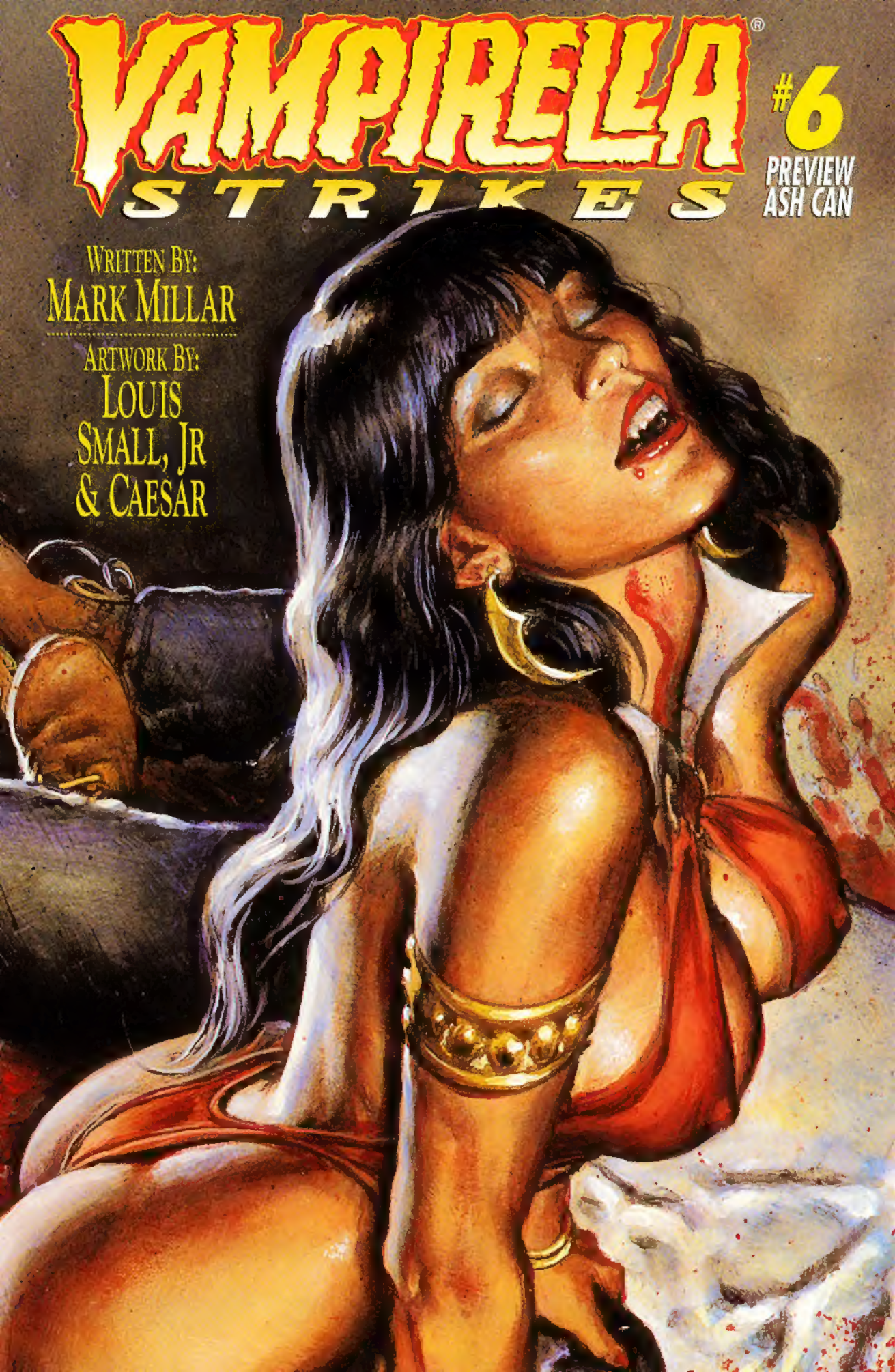
# VAMPIRELLA® STRIKES

#6

PREVIEW ASH CAN



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HARRIS COMICS

# LIMITED ASHCAN:

# "A Cold Day in HELL!"

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VAMPIRELLA STRIKES #6
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Limited Edition Preview
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**RANDOM-DCP**

FORT YUKON, ALASKA. SIX MONTHS AGO:
OKAY, YOU'RE SO SHIT-HOT I RECKON YOU SHOULD TRY THIS FOR SIZE: I SPY WITH MY LITTLE EYE SOMETHING BEGINNING WITH... U.S.N.M.D.
UNITED STATES NUCLEAR MISSILE DEPOT.
ASK ME ANOTHER. MAKE IT AS HARD AS YOU LIKE.
WE'RE BASED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ARCTIC FRIGGIN' CIRCLE, SOLDIER. NOT EXACTLY A WHOLE LOT UP HERE TO LEND A GUY ANY SERIOUS INSPIRATION.
LAST TIME: F.O.B.H.N.
WAY TOO EASY.
FLOCK OF BIRDS HEADING NORTH.
MAN, THAT'S EASY: 'SNOW DRIFT'.
C'MON. PUT SOME EFFORT INTO IT. CHALLENGE ME.
NOT MY FAULT YOU'RE A GODDAMN MIND-READER.
GODDAMN. YOU SHOULD BE ON TELEVISION.
WAIT A SECOND...
...THOSE SONOFABITCHES DON'T LOOK LIKE BIRDS TO ME.

THE PRESENT:
DOES THIS GIVE YOU SOME KIND OF SICK THRILL?

YOU MEAN STANDING HERE WATCHING YOU STRAPPED TO A CHAIR, LEGS SPREAD LIKE BUTTER AND BREASTS HEAVING UNDER THAT PROVOCATIVE COSTUME?
THE ANSWER IS YES, QUITE FRANKLY.
"YOU'RE COMPLETELY AT MY MERCY, THERE'S A BUTTON IN MY HAND AND NUCLEAR ARMAGGEDON LIES JUST AROUND THE CORNER, VAMPIRELLA...
"...GOODMAN WILLIAMS HAS BEEN AROUSED."

A LITTLE EARLIER, BACK IN SALEM :
VAMPIRELLA?
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR FRONT DOOR OPEN LIKE THAT, MY DEAR. WE LIVE IN A WORLD BRIMMING WITH CRACK-HEADS AND DRIVE-BY SHOOTINGS.
I KNOW YOU'RE A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE TALENTS--
--BUT NOBODY CAN BE TOO CAREFUL THESE DAYS.
MMM MEFF
UH, I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING, AM I?
THE MESSAGE YOU LEFT ON MY ANSWERING MACHINE SOUNDED QUITE URGENT. I GATHERED THE MATERIAL YOU ASKED FOR AND GOT HERE AS QUICKLY AS I COULD.
VAMPIRELLA?
TWO MINUTES, PENDRAGON. I'M ALMOST DONE HERE.
MAKE YOURSELF A COFFEE.
H- HELP ME... JESUS, CALL THE COPS...

I TRUST THE GENTLEMAN BLEEDING ONTO YOUR FINE POLYNESIAN CARPET IS NOT EXACTLY A RESPECTED PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY HERE IN SALEM?
YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT. THE ONLY LIVES I TAKE ARE THOSE WITH NO RIGHT TO LIFE AT ALL.
THIS BASTARD WAS A VAMPIRE. HE CALLED HIMSELF THE SALEM STALKER AND USED THIS STATE AS HIS FEEDING GROUND FOR YEARS. PICKED OFF HITCH-HIKERS SINCE THE NINETEEN SEVENTIES.
DISGRACEFUL BEHAVIOR.
LAST NIGHT HE JUST MET THE WRONG GIRL.
THANKS FOR HELPING ME OUT LIKE THIS, PENDRAGON. NO DOUBT YOU'RE NURSING THE MOTHER OF ALL HANG-OVERS AND PRAYING FOR A QUICK AND PAINLESS DEATH.
I APPRECIATE YOU COMING AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE.
IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, MY DEAR. ...ALTHOUGH I MUST CONFESS I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO GREET MY FAVORITE CREATURE OF THE NIGHT ONCE SHE HAD ALREADY FLOSSED AND RINSED.

OUR DEAD FRIEND IN THE BEDROOM HAD AN INVITE TO A PARTY. THE HOST WAS THE HEAD OF A BLOODLINE CALLED GOODMAN WILLIAMS.
I LEFT HIS NAME ON YOUR MACHINE.
DID YOU MANAGE TO FIND ANY BACKGROUND ON HIM?
SOME RECENT ISSUES OF THE CAULDRON HAVE PROVEN MOST ILLUMINATING. I READ ALL ABOUT HIM ON THE WAY HERE.
SO THIS WILLIAMS CHARACTER IS A PLAYER?
MOST DEFINITELY. HE HEADS ONE OF THE SEVEN MOST DEPRAVED VAMPIRE CULTS OF THE MODERN WORLD. THIS IS A CREATURE WHO MUST NOT BE TRIFLED WITH.
ONE WRONG MOVE AND YOU'RE HIS FOREVER.
"IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE NOW BUT HE WAS ONCE A PILGRIM FATHER: ONE OF THE EARLY ENGLISH PURITANS WHO SAILED UPON THE MAYFLOWER BOUND FOR NEW ENGLAND.
"A STERN CHRISTIAN WHO PUT ROCKS IN HIS BOOTS SO THAT HE MIGHT NEVER SMILE, GOODMAN WILLIAMS WAS CONSIDERED THE MOST DEVOUT AMONG THEIR NUMBER.
"A GENUINE CHALLENGE FOR THOSE WHO LURKED BELOW.
"513 MEN LEFT ENGLAND IN 1620. HALF THAT NUMBER MADE IT TO THE OTHER SIDE.
"GOODMAN WILLIAMS DISAPPEARED DURING THE WORST OF THE STORMS SOMEWHERE IN THE MID-ATLANTIC."

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. DID HE DROWN OR WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS SOME KIND OF MAJOR LEAGUE VAMPIRE.
INDEED HE IS, BUT THERE ARE OLDER WAYS ONE MIGHT FALL VICTIM TO THE ANAEROBIC CURSE. SOME ENTER OUR BODIES AND BEGIN TO FEED BY DISGUISING THEMSELVES AS FOOD..
... OTHERS MIGHT ATTACK US IN OUR DREAMS...
"...WORSE STILL ARE THOSE WHO SLEEP UPON THE OCEAN BED AND SCOUR THE SEAS FOR STRANDED SAILORS.
"THERE ARE RUMORS GOODMAN WILLIAMS WAS TAKEN TO ATLANTIS ITSELF THAT NIGHT AND SHOWN PLEASURES LONG SINCE HIDDEN FROM THE WORLD ABOVE.
"SOME SAY THE CITY WAS BUILT BY THE FIRST VAMPIRES, A BLASPHEMY UPON THE EARTH CAST DOWN INTO A WATERY ABYSS BY GREATER MAGICIANS LONG SINCE DEAD.
"SWORN TO NEVER LEAVE THE SEAS, THESE BEASTS ARE THOUGHT TO STILL CRAVE INFLUENCE UPON THE EARTH AND SO ENLIST OTHERS WHO MIGHT DO THEIR BIDDING.
"BUT THESE ARE ONLY RUMORS."

IT IS SAID THE MOST VENERABLE CHRISTIANS OFTEN MAKE THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONS. THIS WAS CERTAINLY TRUE IN GOODMAN WILLIAMS.
HE SPAT UPON THE BIBLE AND DENOUNCED HIS CHRIST WITH RELISH. HE DRANK THE BLOOD OF KINGS AND BRED THE LARGEST, FIERCEST BLOODLINE IN EXISTENCE.
DAYLIGHT WAS HIS ONE AND ONLY TRUE CONCERN.

THE LAST ANYONE HEARD OF HIM WAS SIX MONTHS AGO WHEN HE AND HIS INTIMATE COUNCIL TOOK CONTROL OF A MISSILE SILO SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA.
HIS FEAR OF THE DAY HAD DRIVEN HIM TO A PLACE WHERE SUNLIGHT SELDOM SHINED AND HE COULD FEED UNHINDERED.
IT WAS ASSUMED GOODMAN WILLIAMS HAD FOUND PARADISE AT LAST, CONTENT TO LIVE HIS REMAINING LIFE MIGRATING BETWEEN POLES.
IT APPEARS THEY WERE MISTAKEN.

INTERESTING IDEA. SIX MONTHS EVERY YEAR, THE ARCTIC CIRCLE IS IN TOTAL DARKNESS. THE OTHER SIX MONTHS, THE SOUTH POLE DOESN'T SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY.
I'M SURPRISED VAMPIRES TOOK SO LONG TO SEE MIGRATION AS THE WAY OF BEATING THEIR BIGGEST HANDICAP
ALL TO DO WITH EGO, MY DEAR. REPUTATION MEANS A LOT TO SUCH A SUPERFICIAL SPECIES.
NO OFFENSE INTENDED
NONE TAKEN
SO WHAT'S IT TO BE?
WANT TO COME ALONG AND KEEP ME COMPANY, OR IS THAT ARCTIC WINDLIABLE TO AGGRAVATE YOUR RHEUMATISM?
YOU MAY BE DRAWN TO THE EVIL IN THE WORLD, MY DEAR, BUT MY OWN INSTINCTS DRAW ME TO THE LEATHER BARS OF SALEM, WHERE THE ALCOHOL IS CHEAP AND MY SAFETY IS ASSURED.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
YOU CAN CRASH HERE WHILE I'M GONE.
JUST LEAVE THE KEY UNDER THE MAT WHEN YOU HEAD BACK HOME AND DON'T SPEAK TO THE NEIGHBORS.
I'M HEADING NORTH TO SEE OUR WAYWARD PILGRIM FATHER.

FORT YUKON, ALASKA:
YOU'RE SERIOUSLY LATE, GIRL.
PARTY'S ALREADY UP AND RUNNING INSIDE.
SORRY.
WIND CONDITIONS WERE TERRIBLE OVER MOUNT ST. ELIAS
THERE WAS A BLIZZARD AND I HAD TO MAKE A MAJOR DETOUR WHICH REALLY SLOWED ME DOWN.
COULDN'T CARE LESS, SWEETHEART. ALL I'M POSTED OUT HERE FOR'S TO MAKE SURE NO *UNDESIRABLES* GET INSIDE AND SPOIL GOODMAN WILLIAMS' BIG NIGHT.
RELAX. I'VE GOT MY INVITATION RIGHT HERE.
ALTHOUGH I CAN'T THINK WHO WOULD WANT TO CRASH A PARTY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.
U.S. MARINES WERE EVEN SENT PERIODICALLY THE FIRST SIX MONTHS WE TOOK OVER THE BASE.
AT LEAST UNTIL THEY FIGURED WE DIDN'T PLAN TO FIRE THE GODDAMN NUCLEAR MISSILES.
AND WE WERE GONNA *EAT* HOWEVER MANY TROOPS THEY SENT US.
YOU'D BE SURPRISED.
INFERIOR BLOODLINES ARE ALWAYS SHOWING UP DRUNK AND LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.
*ASSHOLES.*
NOBODY EVEN WANTS TO ADMIT WE'RE UP HERE NOW. NOT IN AN ELECTION YEAR.
WASHINGTON JUST KEEPS AN EYE ON US FROM THEIR SPACE SATELLITES AND PRAYS THE SHIT NEVER HITS THE FAN.
SAY HELLO TO THE *CIA* FOR ME.

WAIT A MINUTE YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG INVITATION HERE, BABY. YOU'RE NOT THE SALEM STALKER...
COME ON.
I'VE WORKED SALEM FOR ALMOST FIFTEEN YEARS. PROBABLY MADE MORE KILLS THAN EVERYONE ELSE IN HERE ADDED TOGETHER. I'M PRACTICALLY A LEGEND.
SALEM STALKER WAS A MAN, SWEETHEART.
SATYR AND CIRCE!
HOW DID YOU MOVE SO FAST?
BECAUSE I THOUGHT OF IT FIRST.
SALEM STALKER WAS THE DUDE WHO INTRODUCED ME TO THIS BLOODLINE. TOOK A CHUNK OF MEAT FROM MY NECK THE SIZE OF AN APPLE, SO I FIGURE I'D REMEMBER WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE IF I SAW HIM AGAIN.
NOW GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T RIP THE LIVING HEART FROM YOUR CHEST, YOU LYING BITCH

AAAAH
WHAT WAS THAT?
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
PROBABLY JUST THE WIND.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS.
S-SO YOU MUST BE THE LAST OF THE GUESTS, HUH?
NICE OUTFIT.
VERY JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER.
CAN I GET YOU AN HORS D'OEUVRE OR SOMETHING BEFORE GOODMAN WILLIAMS MAKES HIS BIG ANNOUNCEMENT?
"NO THANKS I ALREADY ATE."
--GOD DAMN BITCH FROM HELL--

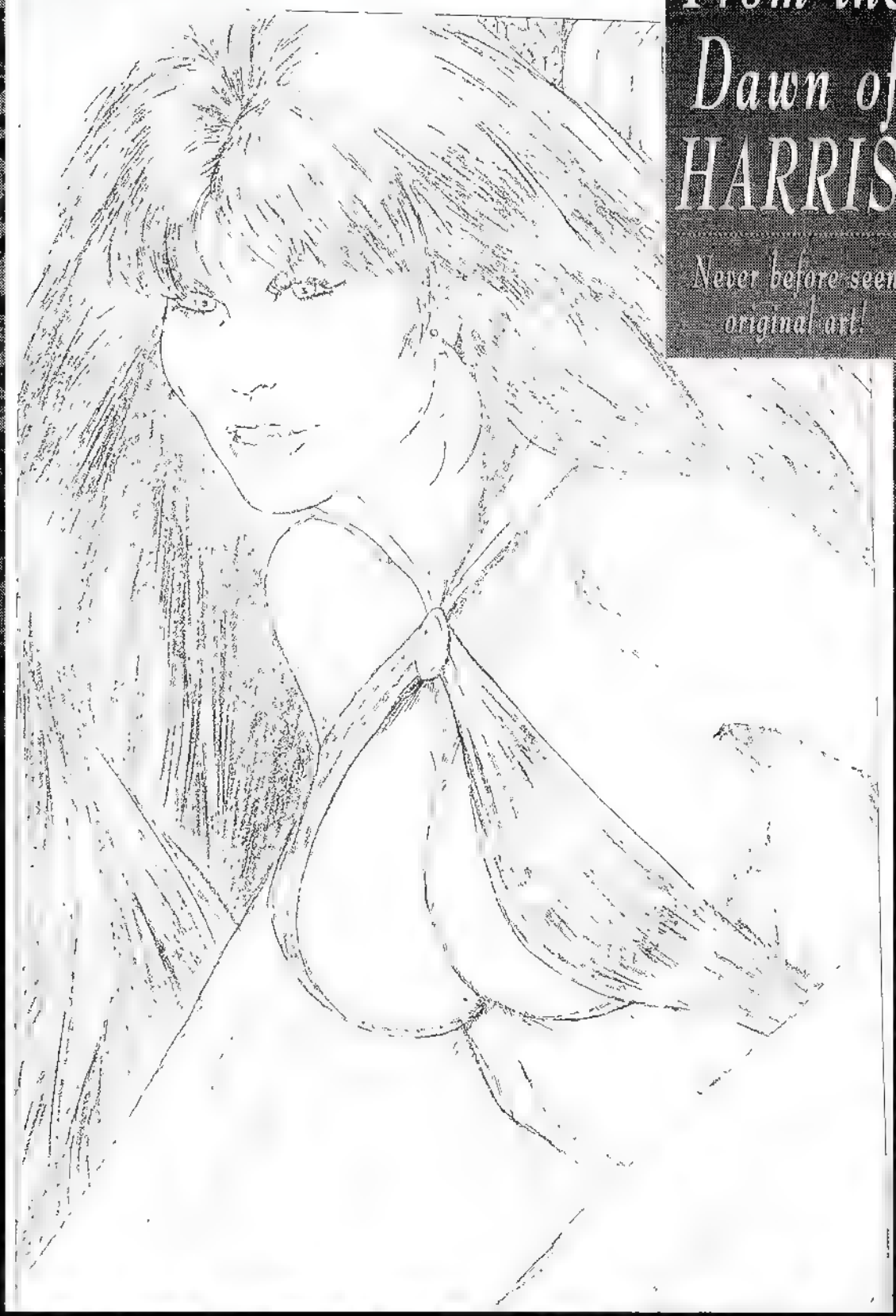
THE MISSILE SILO, ONE MILE DOWN:
STRANGE... I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU AT ANY OF THE OTHER FUNCTIONS. I'M SURE I WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED SOMEONE OF SUCH... DISTINCTIVE PROPORTIONS.
PERHAPS WE COULD SHARE A BOTTLE OF SWEET NAPOLEON I'VE BEEN SAVING SINCE 1821. GETTING TO KNOW YOU MORE INTIMATELY SURELY MERITS A SPECIAL OCCASION.
MAYBE LATER.
WHO'S THE PREGNANT WOMAN GETTING ALL THE ATTENTION UP THERE? I DON'T RECOGNIZE HER FACE.
DARLING, YOU REALLY HAVE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH. THAT'S DELILAH. GOODMAN TOOK HER AS HIS COW ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING?
SHE'S BEEN CHOSEN AS THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN.

PUT YOUR HAND ON MY STOMACH. THERE. THAT'S RIGHT. LET IT REST FOR A MINUTE AND YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FEEL THEM FLUTTERING AROUND.
OH, DELILAH. I CAN FEEL THEM.
THIS IS AMAZING.
IT'S LIKE HUNDREDS OF TINY WINGS BEATING INSIDE.
IS THIS WHY GOODMAN CALLED US HERE? DOES HE WANT TO MAKE A FORMAL DECLARATION OF FATHERHOOD?
NO, SILLY. DELILAH'S BEEN PREGNANT SINCE 1947 GOODMAN WILLIAMS HAS SOMETHING MUCH MORE INTERESTING PLANNED FOR TONIGHT.
V. W.B.T. D.G.O.B.
VAMPIRE WITH BIG TITS DRINKING GLASS OF BLOOD.
MAN, YOUR SKILLS OF OBSERVATION AND DEDUCTION HAVE BECOME DAMN NEAR SUPERHUMAN.
SATYR AND CIRCE.
KEEP QUIET
I'M HERE TO STOP THESE CREATURES.
I'LL HELP YOU ESCAPE AS SOON AS I CAN.
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME. WE'RE JUST FOOD NOW. THESE SON OF A BITCHES HAVE DAMN NEAR SUCKED US DRY.
BESIDES, IT'S NOT LIKE LIFE'S GONNA BE WORTH LIVING ONCE THEIR BIG PLAN'S UP AND RUNNING...
...NOT ONCE THEY DETONATE THE NUCLEAR WARHEAD

# EXCLUSIVE!

## *From the Dawn of HARRIS:*

*Never before seen original art!*



*Louis Small, Jr's pencils from Vampirella #5 (Sept'93)!*

*Cover sketches for VS#5 by Mark Texeira*

# Return of a Harris Original...

Who's Louis Small, Jr? That was a question some of you might have asked, but not anymore. Louie's just your average, hard-working phenomena. When we recently meet, it seemed as though an old friendship had been renewed. And as in any old friendship the common interests always crop up. Which interests? Enrich, Frazetta, José Gonzalez, Warren magazines, sci-fi movies, femme fatale actresses... and a babe called Vampirella!

When the subject turned to Vampi, well, Louie's been the patient sort. We both knew that Vampirella had a piece of his heart, and she wasn't the kind of girl to let go! That look of a lost romance glazed his eyes, and I knew then Fate would intervene.

It was a stormy day in May, when we were all in one of Harris' weekly meetings jamming the schedule and getting punchy fast. Managing Editor David Bogart rolled his eyes and said– "We need someone special for this project because Mark Millar's script for Vampirella Strikes #6 is well... a bit exotic!" Jonathan mentioned that Louie's Vampirella is a fan-favorite at many convention appearances, how about him?

That crazy woman Fate had kicked me in the butt, and arranged for Louie to come by just that week. We had gone to lunch just to shoot the breeze and now suddenly here he was coming into the office with new pages. The office was a flurry of anticipation as Louie showed us the next batch. One of my most unexpected pleasures was that during the deadline CRUNCH, Louie would pull up a chair to do some backgrounds or minor corrections. Right there, in front of us, Louie would spin his magic, and a few hours later– glorious new pages!

Louie's the kind of artist that artists' hate; he just keeps getting better! With artwork now coming in from Rudy D. Nebres, Mark Texeira, Michael Bair, Amanda Conner, and Adam Hughes, Louie knew that he'd be scrutinized even more, so how did he react? He worked even harder! That's the mark of a true artist, and Harris Comics is damn proud to have him back!

So call it Fate, or call it coincidence, but I'm still having trouble sitting.

–Mazzonia!

*Look for more of Louis Small's art in:*

**VAMPIRELLA**

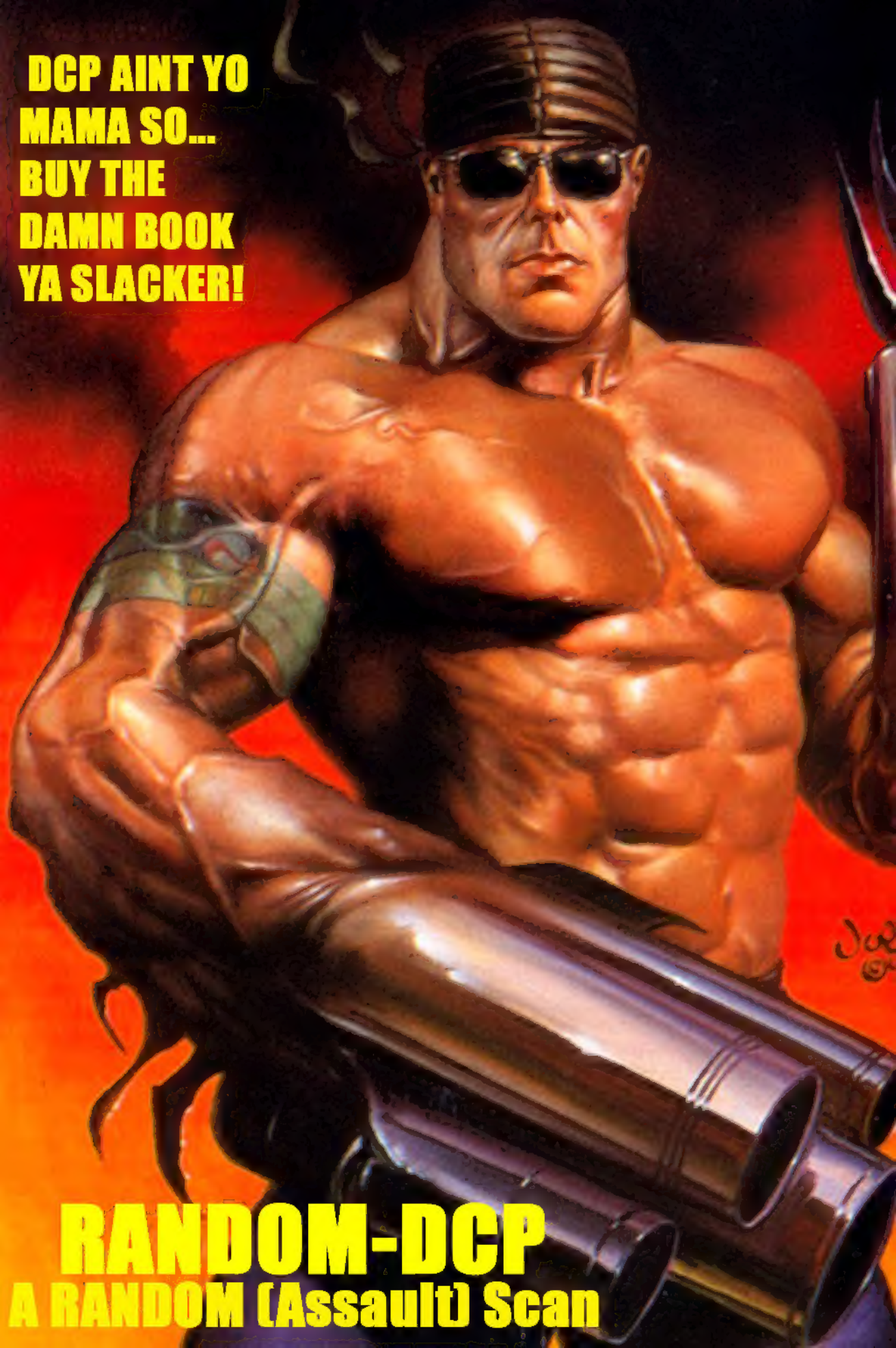
*Sad Wings of Destiny*

# LOUIS SMALL JR.

The phenomenal penciler behind the very first Harris Vampirella color series (#1, 2 & 4) returns in Vampirella Strikes #6!

SILVER ANNIVERSARY 25 YEARS

HARRIS COMICS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